

## WITH THE CHILDREN

READING MATTER SELECTED ES-  
PECIALLY FOR THEM.The Weekly Story—A Mother of Kings—  
The Prize Puzzle Column—Editor's  
Weekly Letter.

## The Spider's Oration.

"The spider taketh hold with her hands,  
and is in Kings' Palaces."  
Come, children, who fancy we spiders are  
fools,  
And view the lace houses we build with-  
out tools.  
I'm just about finishing one at the lat-  
tice!  
Come quick, and I'll operate for you, all  
gratis.  
And where do you think are my shuttle  
and loom?  
You see no machinery here in the room.  
No silk thread, nor cotton, and yet you  
all see  
This wonderful fabric is woven by me.

It's all in my little round abdomen here;  
No steam apparatus to burst, never fear!  
It's hard to explain to you just how I do  
it.  
Look sharp, and perhaps your bright  
eyes will see through it.  
The costume Cinderella wore "at her  
first ball"  
Was wrought by an ancestor, robe, veil  
and all;  
With hues of the rainbow the fabric was  
blended.  
She captured the prince, but you know  
how it ended.

What would a fine lady not give to  
possess  
A spider web drapery o'er a silk dress!  
The weaver, if human, would win a  
great name,  
While artizan spiders no merit may claim  
For the unobtrusive and skilful and wise.  
We try to relieve you of troublesome  
flies—  
We're hunted and scouted with duster  
and broom,  
And all our fine tapestry swept from the  
room.

When questions "What spiders were made  
for?" arise  
Some wiseacre answers "They're made  
to catch flies!"  
"And what were flies made for?" he  
answers again  
"To feed hungry spiders. I'm sure this is  
plain."  
Now this is chop-logic, or reason in rings.  
Observe how I amputate this beetle's  
wings.  
There! done like an M. D., with minus a  
tool.  
Now have I not proved you the spider's  
no fool?"

I've shown him a weaver the best in  
the nation,  
An architect planning his own habitation.  
A maker of traps to catch fishes with  
wings,  
A surgeon accomplishing wonderful things,  
A skilled decorator of mansion and cot,  
A plain honest worker content with his  
lot,  
And last, you'll admit, little children—I  
know it:  
I've proved him an orator, scholar and  
poet.  
—Exchange.

## NANCY'S DISOBEDIENCE.

And the Story of What It Brought Her  
Mother.

"Nance, Nance! come down; it's 8  
o'clock and you must take that bundle to  
Mrs. Thornton's on your way to  
school," said Mrs. Adair as she went  
back to the dining-room and bustled her-  
self tying up the bundle of lace that  
she had made for Mrs. Thornton, the  
wealthiest lady in the village.

Mrs. Adair had been born in the little  
village of N— and was never outside  
of it until she married Orrin Adair,  
whose business forced them to leave,  
and she did not return again until eight  
years after, bringing with her a little  
daughter, Nance, and her feeble mother,  
who had visited her daughter and found  
her so much in need of sympathy that  
she remained with her. No amount of  
coaxing could draw forth any facts con-  
cerning those years, or what had hap-  
pened to her husband and the paying  
business he had been engaged in, but  
certain everybody was "that something  
had gone wrong," and "widow Adair,"  
as she was familiarly called—(not that  
anybody ever heard her say her husband  
died)—worked hard with her needle and  
supported her child and mother, never  
being heard to complain, although it  
was well-known throughout the village  
that sometimes it was very hard work  
to make both ends meet.

Nance soon made her appearance, and  
after eating her breakfast, was ready to  
start. Her mother's last words to  
her were, "Don't take the road that  
leads by the mill-pond, because that is  
too long," and away Nance flew without  
the least intention of disobeying. But  
once out in the beautiful sunshine she  
soon forgot the warning and on coming  
to the fork in the road, almost uncon-  
sciously her feet led her down the old  
favorite spot—the mill pond. Here she  
spent some of her happiest hours, dream-  
ing day dreams and watching the birds  
and insects that hovered near, recog-  
nizing in her a true friend, for although  
Nance was only eleven years old her  
chief delight was in studying nature, and  
for such a purpose one would have to  
travel far to find a more beautiful place  
than this.

Sitting herself on a large rock, which  
she firmly believed had been put there  
for her special benefit, Nance fell to  
building air castles, but from this she  
was suddenly aroused by the laughter of  
a child. Starting forward, wondering  
who had invaded her sacred domain, for  
with childish innocence she had appro-  
priated this piece of land for her future  
use, Nance parted some bushes that ob-  
scured her view and there beheld a little  
girl with two chubby arms clasped  
around the neck of a huge  
dog, to whom she was saying,  
"Oh, you dear good, old Rover,  
don't go into the water again," and all  
the tiny strength was put forth trying  
to prevent the dog from again entering  
the water, but suddenly there was an  
unexpected jerk on the dog's part, and  
in an instant Nance saw dog and child  
roll into the water. Quick as a flash she  
sprang forward to the bank and drew  
the child back, but her services were  
hardly needed, for Rover, as if awakened  
to the mischief he had wrought, firmly  
held the little dress between his teeth

and thus helped draw the child on shore.  
Then for the first time Nance saw the  
face of the little girl she had rescued,  
and she wondered how the child happened  
to be there without anybody to take  
care of her, but just here her thoughts  
ran back to her mother and the bundle.  
In the moment of danger, when she  
thought the little one was sinking, she  
threw out both arms to save her, thus  
loosening her hold on the bundle which  
must have fallen into the water. Think  
of it! The work it had taken her mother  
two long weeks to complete and the  
money for which they needed so much,  
had been hopelessly destroyed. Then  
Nance thought of what she had done—  
disobeyed her mother, lost her lessons  
at school, taken the wrong path and finally  
lost the bundle. The poor child burst  
into tears, wholly unconscious of the  
good she had wrought or the Divine  
Power that had directed her steps at  
that time.

She was brought back to a consciousness  
of her surroundings, however, by the dog  
tugging at her dress, as if to remind her  
of her charge, and half dragging, half  
carrying the little girl Nance started  
up the bank and Rover followed.  
She had not gone far, however, before  
she saw a girl running toward them, who  
proved to be Grace's nurse. She had  
stopped at a neighbor's for a few mo-  
ments, and left Grace, as she supposed,  
playing with some children, but when she  
had come to look for the little girl she  
had disappeared and now, here she was,  
wet and limp and oh, what would her  
mistress say to her?

After hearing Nance's story, quick as  
thought a plan suggested itself. If this  
child did not say anything about the  
accident, why should Grace's mother ever  
know? Her mistress was away to spend  
the day and by the time she returned  
the baby would be redressed and asleep,  
most likely, so she soon decided to adopt  
this plan, but like all wicked deeds it  
came to a poor end for Ninette had  
reckoned without her host.

Poor Nance was willing enough to  
give up her charge and hurry away to  
school, for it was long past the hour  
now, so bidding the little girl and the  
dog an affectionate farewell she ran as  
fast as she could and was soon seated  
at her desk, but on opening her book at  
her lesson for the day, which was about  
the ancient lace makers, her thoughts  
flew back to her mother's bundle and  
what it contained. No more studying  
for Nance that forenoon. How long the  
minutes seemed? Would she ever get  
home and unburden herself of that dread-  
ful secret. The teacher, noticing Nance's  
distraction, asked if she were ill and  
Nance replied that she would like to  
go home. So she was dismissed and on  
arriving home almost breathless she  
rushed into the room where her mother  
was and between her sobs told her story—  
how she had heard the little girl laugh-  
ing and went to see where she was; her  
rescue, and last of all, how in the ex-  
citement she had lost the bundle. This  
last fact which had troubled Nance so  
much, was of little moment to Mrs.  
Adair compared to the great good her  
daughter had done in saving this child  
perhaps from a watery grave.

Brushing away Nance's tears, her  
mother soothed her, and Grandma, com-  
ing in just then, was told what happened,  
and she advised her daughter to go right  
away and see Mrs. Thornton and explain  
how the work was lost. This Mrs. Adair  
thought she would do, but found she was  
too busy to go that day and so put it  
off till tomorrow.

Meanwhile all went well at the Thor-  
nton mansion. When the mistress returned  
in the afternoon she found her little  
daughter sleeping peacefully and Ninette  
did not mention the morning's accident,  
but as the baby continued to sleep the  
mother felt alarmed and could not bear  
the thought of retiring with out seeing her  
darling child and hearing her voice again.  
As the child slept on (the result of ex-  
haustion incurred by her morning bath),  
the mother's heart began to fear and  
she aroused Grace, who, of course, after  
greeting her, related the incident that  
transpired during the morning.

At first her mother thought she had  
been dreaming, but surely Ninette would  
know, and stepping to the door Mrs.  
Thornton called the nurse, whose face, as  
she entered, it must be confessed bore  
an unmistakable look of guilt. Seeing  
she had been found out, Ninette confessed  
all.

After hearing the tale Mrs. Thornton  
was very much alarmed and sent for  
Grace's father, but later she grew calmer  
and saw that the child was none the  
worse for her wetting, and that the lat-  
ter seemed to think the whole matter a  
good joke.

Turning to the nurse, Mrs. Thornton  
sternly asked, "Where is the girl that  
saved my baby, surely you have her name  
and address," and of course Ninette  
could not tell either, but said she would  
know the child if she saw her, and Grace  
spoke up saying she liked her new friend  
and wanted to see her again.

Mrs. Thornton felt very grateful to  
the unknown child and longed to know  
who she was that she might thank her.  
It was quite late now, however, so she  
decided to wait until the next day before  
sending out inquiries and going herself  
to look for the baby's rescuer.

At Nance's home matters were quite  
confused. Her mother hardly knew what  
to do about the lace. Mrs. Thornton had  
been so anxious to have it this week and  
there was not time enough to replace it  
now. So the next day she visited Mrs.  
Thornton to explain matters; and Nance  
begged so hard to accompany her that  
she consented, and off they started, never  
dreaming of the pleasant surprise in  
store for them.

Arriving at the house Mrs. Adair asked  
for Mrs. Thornton whom she had met  
before and soon that lady appeared. She  
then told her story and expressed her  
sorrow at the accident, but offered to  
replace everything in time, and as she  
paused the door opened and a little girl en-  
tered exclaiming, "Oh, Mam—" but on  
seeing Nance she sprang forward and  
putting her hands around her neck, cried,  
"You dear girl, I have wanted to see you  
ever since you dragged me out of the  
water," and she stood back and looked  
proudly at her rescuer. Both mothers  
were very much surprised for neither had  
imagined this to be the case.

Stepping forward Mrs. Thornton em-  
braced Nance warmly, and turning to  
Mrs. Adair said, "You have reason to  
be proud of your daughter for her brave-  
ry. As long as my husband and I both  
live we shall never forget you, for she  
saved that which is more precious than  
all else in the world to us, our darling  
child."

Soon after this Nance and her mother  
took leave of their kind friend and on  
arriving home they soon told Grandma  
who it was Nance had rescued and there  
they thought the whole matter ended, but  
indeed it was but the beginning.

In the meantime Mrs. Thornton con-  
tinued her preparations to go visiting,  
not to find her daughter's rescuer, but  
to inquire closely about Nance and her

mother. She was soon told the strange  
events of Mrs. Adair's life; how she  
kept to herself and never even attended  
church.

Now here was an interesting case for  
Mrs. Thornton to work upon, and she made  
the suggestion to Aunt Lindy Samson,  
to whom she was talking, that "perhaps  
the townspeople had not made it as pleas-  
ant as they might for Mrs. Adair, re-  
garding her silence with suspicion, etc.,  
and with a dubious shake of her head,  
Aunt Lindy who was a good soul, said  
she "didn't know but what that was  
right." When they had talked the matter  
over some more, Mrs. Thornton went  
away, for her plan of action had been  
mapped out and she saw here her best  
chance for making happy one more home.

She would speak to some of the neigh-  
bors and invite them all to gather at her  
house, and go thence to Widow Adair's  
home, and give her that welcome which  
her loneliness demanded of them and  
which, to her mind, had already been  
withheld too long. Everybody readily  
saw, and now that the people saw  
wherein they were at fault, they were  
very willing to make amends.

Early the next morning all were on  
hand and off they started, headed by Mr.  
and Mrs. Thornton. What a jolly set they  
were. Old and young, grave and gay,  
they tramped along, and as Mrs. Adair  
saw them open her gate she thought  
they surely must have made a mistake.  
When they entered, however, and took  
possession of her house and family, she  
found it was all right, and Nance was  
overjoyed at the many little tokens the  
neighbors had brought, not only for her,  
but for her mother and grandmother as well.

It seemed as though all in a minute the  
stone wall which Mrs. Adair had formed  
between herself and her neighbors, crum-  
bled and fell away, and she burst into  
tears of gladness, and everything was  
forgotten and all saw her again in the  
old light of the fair young girl they  
had watched grow from babyhood.

Then she explained how at first her  
husband and she had been so happy, but  
growing careless, how he had lost every-  
thing in speculation, and in despondency  
had killed himself.

Every heart in the room was touched  
by this sorrowful tale and many of the  
women cried. But the cloud soon passed  
away, and after spending a pleasant hour  
the company returned to their respective  
homes, feeling that they had done at least  
one good act on that day, and giving all  
thanks to Him who enabled two among  
them, to do not only this good deed, but  
many more.

IRENE KENNEDY,  
Charlestown, Mass.

## The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs  
Incased in scarlet hose;  
A pair of little stubby boots  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kilt, a little coat,  
Cut as a mother can—  
And lo! before us stands in state  
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars  
And search their unknown ways;  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light—  
Those eyes that now are whistful bent  
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—  
So sticky, small, and brown;  
Those hands, whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down—  
Who knows what hidden strength may be  
Concealed within their grasp?  
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick  
In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone!  
And blessings on those little feet,  
Whose race is yet unrun!  
And blessings on the little brain,  
That has not learned to plan!  
Whatever the future holds in store,  
God bless the "coming man!"  
—Boston Beacon.

## A Mother of Kings.

Away back in the year 1031 there was  
born in the country of Flanders a baby  
girl who was to become the bride of the  
great king whom we call William of  
Normandy, the Conqueror, because in a  
great battle with King Harold, of Eng-  
land, he won a victory by which he be-  
came ruler in Harold's stead, and be-  
cause he was a native of the province of  
Normandy, in France. By her marriage  
with William she became mother of a  
long, long line of kings and queens, the  
last on the list being good Queen Vic-  
toria, now a very old lady.

In the days when Matilda of Flanders  
lived it was thought a great accom-  
plishment for a girl to be skilled in  
beautiful needlework, and it is said that  
she was celebrated for her accomplish-  
ments in this direction quite as much as  
for her beauty, which was extreme. Have  
any of you ever heard of the famous  
Bayeux tapestry? Matilda worked this  
with her own hands, and it is still pre-  
served and shown to those European  
travelers who wish to see it.

It is said that at the time that William,  
the Prince of Normandy, first saw and  
loved her she herself loved a young Sax-  
on nobleman named Behtic, and that  
after a courtship extending through sev-  
en years, on hearing her make an unfat-  
tering remark regarding his birth, the  
Norman became so angry at her that he  
one day attacked her near her father's  
palace as she was returning from church  
with her ladies. He struck her with such  
force that she fell senseless to the ground,  
and then springing on his horse, rode  
swiftly off. This conduct naturally made  
her old father fiercely indignant, and  
so he made war on the ungallant prince,  
at the conclusion of which, to everyone's  
great astonishment, he again sought his  
sweetheart's hand, and she accepted him,  
giving as her reason that she "thought  
the duke must be a man of the highest  
courage and most daring spirit to come  
and beat her in her father's city."

The great battle of Hastings, by his  
victory in which William became king  
of England, was fought on the 14th day  
of October, 1066, his fine appearance at  
which, mounted on his splendid horse,  
one of his captains thus describes:  
"Never have I seen a man so fairly arm-  
ed, who rode so gallantly and bore his  
lance so gracefully. There is no other  
such knight under heaven. Let him fight  
and he will overcome, and shame be to  
him that falls him."

As soon as she heard news of the vic-  
tory the good queen hastened to return  
thanks to God in the church; and I  
wish that I could truthfully tell you  
that her whole life was in keeping with  
the spirit of gentleness and goodness,

which, in all directions save one, she  
manifested. The darkest stain upon her  
memory was left by her cruel treatment  
of the Saxon Prince Behtic, whom I  
have told you she had once loved. Out  
of vindictiveness that he had not return-  
ed her love she had him arrested and  
placed in prison, where he died. In No-  
vember, 1083, she died, and her husband  
had a splendid monument raised to her  
memory. Her picture shows her to have  
been very beautiful, and she was, with  
one exception, of which I have told you,  
gentle, pious, and gifted.—Southern  
Churchman.

## PRIZE PUZZLE COLUMN.

This is the Third Sunday in the June Con-  
test.

## 344—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a quotation of 83 letters, from  
Bryant's "Thanatopsis."  
My 21-42-12-17-78-79-80-81 is a public  
reading room.  
My 51-9-73-79-24-65-63-26-13-46 is a person  
who writes the account of one's life.

My 61-39-83-41-36-25-83-71 is one who super-  
intends works for military or civil ob-  
jects.

My 31-56-64-29-52-10-1-43-81-52-39 are what  
one must show to prove his identity.

My 54-32-74-29-28-11-4-55-36 is at the  
bottom of everything.

My 44-77-33-6-15-31-66 is much used for  
reclining in during the summer.

My 3-27-76-72-10-83-75-49 is what few at-  
tain in this world.

My 43-38-40-14 is the cry of a dog or wolf.

My 8-49-65-76 is like an egg.

My 19-23-46-51-37-62-40 is to burnish.

My 50-63-2-58-31-13-28-61-67 is a triangle  
having two equal sides.

My 34-35-19-22-72 is an expounder of Ma-  
hometan law in Turkey.

My 7-18-47-25-14 is a mean dwelling.

My 6-21-16-53-62 is what many people  
go to the seashore to see.

## 345—ERADICAL ACROSTIC.

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By this we mean one that rays out from  
the centre. Start from the central let-  
ter, and the diagonals to each corner  
will be one and the same bird.

Crosswords 1. The sweet briar rose. 2.  
Alternate singing. 3. To interpret. 4. A  
plant green all the year. 5. Fundamental  
truth. 6. A body of rulers. 7. An of-  
ficer in a ship. 8. Pertaining to infants. 9.  
A tract of land covered with water and  
grass.

## 346—BURIED WORDS.

1. The outrage was nothing less than  
sardonic. A pit a little way from the  
house, was only loosely covered, so as to  
become a ready trap.

2. I have no fear for the furniture.  
All I had is put in genteel slip covers,  
and the room darkened.

3. I have done everything for her, and  
I am perfectly surprised, Mag, at her  
ingratitude.

4. She is very conceited, but she does  
play a little on her harp. Art is answerable  
for a good many of her vagaries.

5. The island is divided up into parts  
or lots, and for the best, everyone is  
ready to grab. On a part everyone  
thought barren, my brother raised a large  
crop.

Find buried in the above words mean-  
ing:

1. The chief city of a State.
2. Contesting in words.
3. Collecting together.
4. An adherent to a cause.
5. The name of a celebrated general.

## 347—HOURGLASS.

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1. An esculent vegetable. 2. To charm.  
3. Averse. 4. What a mischievous boy is  
sometimes called. 5. A vowel. 6. A beverage.  
7. A fierce animal. 8. To drink hard. 9. A  
fabled goddess.

The central letters, read downward give  
an animal that changes color.

## 348—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A small insect. 3.  
Out-buildings. 4. One who maintains op-  
inions different from mine. 5. To go in.  
6. The title of a baronet. 7. A consonant.

## From Father Times.

Dear Children,—During the past week  
answers to puzzles have been received  
from Dudley R. Johnston, Waldrops, Va.;  
Willie Roane, city; Wm. A. Bowles, Jr.,  
Jackson, Va.; and Lily Tyler, East Rad-  
ford; and Perla Scott.

School examinations and warm weather  
do not seem to have affected your in-  
terest or energy, and every day a number  
of nice letters from little friends in the  
country or at home assure "Father  
Times" that their writers read the con-  
tents of the "Children's Department" with  
great pleasure.

Of course that is very gratifying to the  
old gentleman who wishes you again  
"Good morning!" FATHER TIMES.

## Help Giving Place to Wild Birds.

It was very interesting to read in the  
Spectator of April 7th, that, owing to  
the extension of deer forests in Scot-  
land, golden eagles and wildcats are on  
the increase, and are now safe from ex-  
termination there. But there is also a sur-  
gestive per contra, which, likewise, is  
not unconnected with the extension of  
deer forests—the removal of the cottager  
from the land, the divorce of Scots from  
Scotland. About ten years ago there were  
90,000 vagrants in Scotland; there are now  
about 150,000, to a population of under  
5,000,000. Germany has about the same  
number of vagrants to a population of  
50,000,000. It would be matter for regret if  
golden eagles became extinct in Scotland.  
But it is matter for sadness that they are  
flying over the comparatively recent  
homes of now homeless sons of the land.  
—London Spectator.

## To Cement Iron and Stone.

For a cement to fasten iron to stone  
take twenty parts iron filings, sixty parts  
of plaster of paris, and one part of sal am-  
moniac; mix with weak vinegar to a  
fluid paste and apply at once.—Phila.  
Record.